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No. 28. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d
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Cumberland's British Theatre.

HUMPHERY CLINKER:

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS,
 BY THOMAS DIBDIN, Esq.
 Author of *The Cabinet*. *The English Fleet*.
Lady of the Lake. *Ruffian Boy*, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a fine
 Full-length Portrait
 Of Mr. W. H. WILLIAMS,
 As HUMPHREY CLINKER,
 Engraved on Steel
 By Mr. SCRIVEN,
 From a drawing by
 Mr. WAGEMAN.



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WITH REMARKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

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THE SADDLERY, J. CUMBERLAND CUMBERLAND TERRACE, CAMDEN

HUMPHREY CLINKER :

A FARCE,

In Two Acts,

BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.

*Author of The Cabinet, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Jew and the Doctor,
Sail Dhuu, the Coiner, The Sires, The Man and the Marquis, The English
Fleet, Lady of the Lake, Paul Jones, The Russian Boy, The Two
Gregories, The Fate of Calas, Valentine and Orson, &c.*

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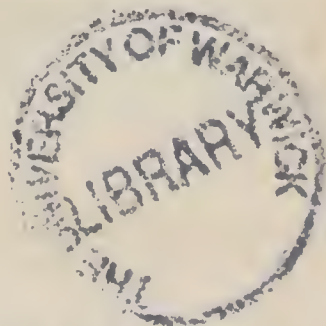
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REMARKS.

Humphrey Clinker.

SMOLLETT is the farce-writer of novelists—his genius lay in broad and palpable delineations of character, and his scenes are chiefly taken from middle and low life. Roderick Random, his first and best production, brought him very considerable fame. The author is the hero of his own tale ; and the adventures of his early life, and the sketches of his companions, are given in an unaffected and pleasing style. The Judge, his Grandfather, Crab, and Potion, and 'Squire Gawkey, were characters well known in that part of the kingdom where the scene was laid. Captains Oakhum and Whiffle—Drs. Mack-shane and Morgan, were also said to be real personages. The contest for Strap was long and eagerly maintained by a bookbinder and barber ; and the honour of being the type and shadow of this faithful companion was well worth contention. In Peregrine Pickle more is conceived than executed : it is a good superstructure, but wants elevation. The story is artfully laboured, and the incidents are calculated to produce dramatic effect. The Feast, after the manner of the ancients, is a piece of learned irony in ridicule of Dr. Akenside, who figures as the Republican doctor. It displays an equal portion of erudition and ill-nature. It is a bulrush broken on the shield of the author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*. Smollett was unfortunate in his antipathies—for some fancied neglect of his tragedy of *The Regicide*, he lampooned Garrick ; and afterwards made amends, by doing the great actor justice in “ a work of truth,” for wrongs done in “ a work of fiction.” He also satirized Lord Lyttleton in his *Peregrine Pickle*, and wrote a wretched burlesque on that nobleman’s beautiful monody on the death of his lady. In his history, he expatiates on his lordship’s delicate taste, polished muse, and tender feelings. In *Peregrine Pic-*

kle he introduced an episode, *The Adventures of a Lady of Quality*; which, though it contributed greatly to the *sale* of the work, must ever be considered as a blemish. There is great art and management in this history of the celebrated Lady Vane; and a story highly indelicate is told in tolerably decent terms. *Sir Launcelot Greaves* is inferior to the preceding novels—its defects are more apparent from too frequently reminding us of *Don Quixote*. *Humphrey Clinker* is an excellent production—*Matthew and Tabitha Bramble*, and *Winnifred Jenkins*, are drawn with great humour. *Lismahago* is extravagant, but inconceivably entertaining. The expedition is related in a series of letters written by different persons to their respective correspondents—a form well adapted to exhibit the peculiar phraseology and whim of the writers. *The Adventures of an Atom* we never much admired; and *Ferdinand Count Fathom* is the history of a base, heartless ruffian, upon whom time and criticism would be alike thrown away.

Smollett's great merit as a novelist lies in his description of sea characters. There is nothing in nautical painting at all comparable to his *Trunnion*, *Hatchway*, *Pipes*, and *Bowling*—they are highly finished and perfect—the latter is by far the finest delineation of the author's pen.

It has been remarked that *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Matthew Bramble*, are all brothers of the same family; and that the Doctor seems to have described *his own* character at the different stages and situations of his life. If this be the case, we cannot but regret *one* particular adventure, which the morals of the present day would call *an affair of gallantry*, recorded in *Peregrine Pickle*.

As an historian, Smollett is too well known and appreciated to require particular mention. His style occasionally exhibits a successful imitation of Hume. As a translator, he deserves high praise—*his* is, in truth, the *only* translation of *Gil Blas*; and though the version of *Don Quixote* by Jarvis has the negative merit of being literal, that of Smollett conveys to the English reader much of the true spirit, the exquisite wit and humour, of the original.

As a poet, he is entitled to respectful mention. His satires we pass by, as the effusions more of spleen than of genius. *The Tears of Scotland*, and *Ode to Leven-*

Water, come home to every heart. The Ode to Independence is a noble production, abounding in animated sentiments, glowing images, and forms of speech nervous and expressive: the introduction is particularly striking—

“Thy spirit, Independence, let me share!
 Lord of the lion-heart, and eagle-eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.”

As a dramatist, *The Regicide* and *The Reprisal* add nothing to his fame.

As a critic, Smollett has been accused of being too acrimonious; dealing out his anathemas with a liberal hand, yet tremblingly alive to retaliation, when the injured author had the courage to turn upon him. His life was passed in perpetual warfare with his literary opponents—his most serious rencontre was with Admiral Knowles, respecting the Rochfort Expedition, which brought upon him both fine and imprisonment. Your true Aristarch should be invulnerable—he must give and take.

As a politician (why should genius soil its hands with politics?), Smollett shared the fate of most party writers. He lived to experience the ingratitude and neglect of the minion whose cause he had (perhaps) too inconsiderately espoused. He ranged himself under the banner of Lord Bute, and, as a mercenary, did that minister some service. He began a weekly paper called *The Briton*, which produced in reply the celebrated *North Briton*, which soon crushed its feeble opponent, and dissolved his long-standing friendship with Wilkes. He smarted under the lash of Churchill—that powerful satirist speaks thus contemptuously of his talents:—

“Compar’d with thee, be all life-writers dumb
 But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb.
 Who ever read *The Regicide*, but swore
 The author wrote as man ne’er wrote before?
 Others for plots and under-plots may call,
 Here’s the right method—have no plot at all.”

And sneering at his pension, exclaims—


“Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
 Which honour scorns, for slav’ry roar aloud;
 Others, *half palsied* only, mutes become,
 And what makes *Smollett* write makes *Johnson* dumb.”

Smollett was of a warm and generous temperament—

his enmities were open and undisguised, and his friendships sincere and lasting. Traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, and abandoned by false patrons—(these are his own words)—his latter days were spent in disappointment and chagrin. A severe domestic calamity, the death of his only daughter, whom he tenderly loved, preyed upon his mind, and aggravated his bodily sufferings. In the hope of restoring a shattered constitution, in the month of June, 1763, he took a journey to France and Italy, and continued abroad for two years. On his return, his health still continuing to decline, he bade a final adieu to his native country, and died near Leghorn, on the 21st October, 1771.

His memory has received due honour by two epitaphs—the one written by his attached friend, Dr. Armstrong, and inscribed on the monument erected by his widow, near Leghorn; the other graces a pillar on the banks of the Leven, which his cousin, James Smollett, has consecrated to his talents and virtues.

Mr. Dibdin's dramatic version of *Humphrey Clinker* sent away many laughing audiences from Sadler's Wells. Mr. W. H. Williams, by his spirited representation of the hero, has added greatly to his fame.

 D.—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	R.C.	C.	L.C.	L.
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* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

MEMOIR OF MR. W. H. WILLIAMS.

WE would almost as soon *underwrite* a man's life as *write* it. To ask a gentleman where he was born, "to whom related and by whom begot," is a note of interrogation that might (in a *double* sense) render our position extremely *critical*. Swift was remarkably silent upon this point:—

"Naught from my birth or ancestors I claim—
All is my own, my honour and my shame ;"

and the author of Robinson Crusoe was not wont to boast, that, like Cardinal Wolsey, he was the son of a butcher:—


"Then, let us boast of ancestors no more,
For fame of families is all a cheat ;
'Tis *personal virtue* only makes us great."

Had we inquired of Mr. Williams his birth, parentage, and education, doubtless he would have been most laudably communicative.—That he *had* a father is pretty certain ; who (if fun be hereditary) must have been a comical fellow—his mother, too—("O, wonderful son that can so astonish a mother !") we guess (as the Yankees say) to have been, by the same rule, a lady of truly versatile genius. These preliminaries being disposed of, the date and place of his birth, we leave (like *Homer's*) in delightful uncertainty, as a *nut* for some future biographer to crack—we are not bound to give

his *pedigree*, as we would that of a horse. Whether he was born in London, or wedlock, is to us a matter of indifference—here he is; a right frolicsome caterer of morsels of mirth for moments of merriment.

Addison, speaking of an *author*, remarks, that it is interesting to the reader to know whether he was short or tall; fair, or dark; fat, or lean. Now, Mr. Wageman has completely anticipated all that *we* can advance in the way of *personal* description—if *his* be not a true portraiture, “I’m a soused gurnet!” What, then, remains for us to add, but that Mr. Williams is an actor of great versatility and humour, an adroit mimic, and a pleasant companion; and that, whether at the Adelphi or Sadler’s Wells, he is an excellent cure for the megrims.

The recent production of the bombastic interlude of “*Doctor Bolus*,” at Sadler’s Wells, has exhibited Mr. W. H. Williams to great advantage as a burlesque actor—his performance of *King Artipadiades* was as capital a piece of mock-tragedy as the present stage can boast,—he hit the true spirit of *Travestie*; and was broadly comic without being vulgar.—His action throughout was irresistibly pompous and grotesque; and his burletta singing and bravuras were highly mirthful and musical. This is a talent that Mr. Williams will do well to cultivate.

 D.—G.

Costume.

MATTHEW BRAMBLE.—Old-fashioned claret-coloured coat—waistcoat and breeches—boots—hat—great coat.

WILSON.—Blue coat—white waistcoat and trousers—stockings and shoes.

MR. MELFORT.—Black coat, waistcoat, and trousers.

LIEUTENANT OBADIAH LISMAHAGO.—*First dress:* Old-fashioned scarlet regimental coat—white waistcoat—white kerseymere breeches—silver knee-buckles—high military boots—cocked hat—sword. *Second dress:* Chintz dressing-gown—cap—white stockings—red slippers.

MR. DENMAN.—Old-fashioned black suit.

MORDECAI.—A lead-coloured gaberdine—black breeches—stockings—shoes and buckles—long beard.

MARTIN.—Rough great coat—brown under-coat—scarlet waistcoat—slouched hat—boots.

JOHN THOMAS.—Blue coat—white waistcoat—nankeen breeches—white stockings—shoes.

HORSEFLESH.—Brown coat—scarlet waistcoat—brown breeches—white apron—worsted stockings—shoes and buckles.

GAOLER.—Rough jacket—velveteen waistcoat and breeches—blue worsted stockings—shoes—hat—belt—bunch of keys.

POST-BOY.—Blue jacket—buff waistcoat—leather breeches—top-boots—black cap.

HUMPHREY CLINKER.—*First dress:* A ragged brown suit—haybands round the legs—red hair—hat without a crown. *Second dress:* Yellow silk jacket, with scarlet cuffs—blue silk waistcoat—clean leather breeches, with long knee-strings—white cotton stockings—top-boots—crimson silk neckerchief—green striped sarsnet jockey cap, with silk tassel—whip. *Third dress:* A heavy old-fashioned yellow livery coat—waistcoat and breeches, trimmed with silver lace—crimson worsted stockings—shoes and buckles.

MISS TABITHA BRAMBLE.—Old-fashioned crimson silk gown—black petticoat—mob cap—white stockings—high-heeled shoes.

LYDIA MELFORT.—White muslin dress.

WINNY JENKINS.—Striped cotton gown, open in the front—striped petticoat—blue stockings—round beaver hat.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre, March 17, 1828.

<i>Sir Matthew Bramble</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Lancaster.
<i>Mr. Melfort</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Tyrrel.
<i>Mr. Wilson</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Campbell.
<i>Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Matthews.
<i>Mr. Denman</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Starmer
<i>Mordecai</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Mortrum.
<i>Martin, the Highwayman</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Payne.
<i>John Thomas</i>	.	.	.	Mr. French.
<i>Horseflesh</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Smith.
<i>Gaoler</i>	.	.	.	Mr. Morton.
<i>Post-Boy</i>	.	.	.	Master Starmer.
<i>Humphrey Clinker</i>	.	.	.	Mr. W. H. Williams.
<i>Miss Tabitha Bramble</i>	.	.	.	Mrs. Taylor.
<i>Lydia Melfort</i>	.	.	.	Miss Healey.
<i>Winny Jenkins</i>	.	.	.	Miss Stuart.

HUMPHREY CLINKER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

LYDIA MELFORT and WILSON *discovered.*

DUET.—AIR, “*Twilight glimmers o’er the Steep.*”

Wil. Cupid wakes while guardians sleep.
Lydia, dear Lydia! love reigns here.
Lyd. Why, my heart, this tumult keep?
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, dear, O dear!
Wil. Calm those terrors,—while I’m near thee,
Faith and truth thy guards shall be.
Lyd. Should my uncle overhear thee,
What, dear youth, shall shelter thee?
Wil. Down, down, these useless fears!
Cupid wakes, &c.

Lyd. Oh, Henry, I am indiscreet beyond expression:
should brother, aunt, or uncle——

Wil. Dearest maid! honoured by thee with sweetest
love confessing, of what or whom can Henry be afraid?

Lyd. Hark! listen! we surely are betrayed.

Enter WINNY JENKINS, L.

Win. Oh, ma’am—sir—miss—lookee—make haste,
or you will be—I don’t know what,—indeed ’tis true,—
your brother, and Miss Tabitha, your aunt, are coming.

Lyd. Fly!

Wil. I cannot.

Win. We know you can’t, but you must run, look
you! [Pointing off, L.]

Wil. May heaven bless and guard my Lydia!

[Exit, R.]

Lyd. See the distress which indiscretion brings.

Win. Go you in, too; go round,—you must, indeed.
[Exit Lydia, R. s. e.] O, such a to-do with Mrs. Tabitha
and the young ’squire.

Enter MELFORT, L.

Mel. Ha! gone! which way did he go? Tell me this instant.

Win. Dear me! how should her know; her saw no Ket.

Mel. 'Tis false! but he sha'n't go so cheaply.—By my sister's honour, no! A rash adventurer,—an actor, too.

Win. An actor may be not so good as you, because, like me, you're Welsh.

Mel. Fool, stand aside! Tell Lydia she shall never be his bride,—and that I haste, his daring insolence to punish, as I aught. [Exit, R.]

Win. It is no sense to breed such noise and flurries,—there's no call for passion, look you,—love's a gentleman we can't keep from us, no more than I can my poor dear John Thomas.

WELSH AIR.

Abergainy is fine, &c.

[Exit, L.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment—table and chairs.*

Enter MATTHEW BRAMBLE, L.

Bra. [Calling.] Why, Thomas! John Thomas!

Enter JOHN THOMAS, R.

John. I'm here, your honour.

Bra. Is Williams gone?

John. No, sir.

Bra. Then, harkee: tell him he must see Dr. Lewis, on his way, and beg he'll call at——

John. [Going.] Yes, sir.

Bra. Booby, stay: tell him to call at our house; and bid Barns to thrash out the two old ricks, and send the corn to market, and sell it off to the poor at a shilling a bushel under the market price.

John. [Going.] Yes, sir.

Bra. And, John Thomas.

John. [Returning.] Yes, sir.

Bra. And, John Thomas, I say.

John. Yes, sir.

Bra. The steward has distrained poor Morgan's widow, of her cow,—I bought it for forty shillings; bid Williams give her the cow for herself, and the forty

shillings to clothe her children.—And if either of you say a word about it, I'll cut your tongues out.—You know what a severe dog I am.

John. [*Going.*] Yes, sir.

Bra. And, John Thomas.

John. [*Returning.*] Yes, sir.

Bra. Nothing,—go. [*Exit John Thomas, R.*] Plague on this gout, to drive me from my comfortable home, to this uncomfortable watering-place ; and yet it is not my only plague, neither : there's my niece, Lydia, she's another plague,—she must fall in love with a player, forsooth ! and there's that hot jackanapes, her brother, full of college petulance—proud as a German count, and hasty as a Welsh mountaineer ; and if he should fall foul of his sister's sweetheart, would commit murder for the honour of his family ;—and as for my sister, Tabitha, she's the devil incarnate, come to torment me for my sins.—Why cannot I shake off these plagues ? I'm not the father of the young ones, and, thank heaven ! not married to the old one,—who,—ah, damme, here she is.

Enter TABITHA BRAMBLE, R.

Tab. Brother, brother ! gif me leaf to say, you mought employ your talons better, than to encourage your servants to pillage their master. So you have given back the Alderny cow, and told Williams to take my buttermilk to fatten the pigs,—I suppose the next thing he gets, will be my pad, to carry his daughter to church. I am supprised you would put my affairs in composition with the refuge and skim o'the hearth. I have toiled and moiled to good purpose, in your family, when I can't save even wool enough to make me a petticoat,—as for the buttermilk, no pig in the parish shall thrust his nose in it—but I'll have it barrelled, and sold at Aberganny, for a halfpenny a quart ; and Roger may carry his pigs to another market.

Bra. And is this all, my dear sister, you have to say ?

Tab. All ! no, nor half : there's your niece has been walking in the garden, with the young actor ; and your nephew has followed, and they'd like to have fit—and justice has bound them over—and it will be all over the place.

Bra. Damn the place ! I'm tired of it : I came here to be quiet, and the first thing you did, was to set the bells ringing ; then there was a wooden-legged dancing-

master, over my head, teaching your old Irish sweetheart, Sir Uliche Mac Milligut, a Spanish bolero—and, as if that wasn't sufficient, two black rascals played the French horn, out of tune, upon the staircase—I couldn't hear even your tongue for them.

Tab. And very sprightlisme it was—and as for Sir Uliche, who was not my sweetheart——

Bra. True ; he only courted you for your fortune, and when he found it less than he heard, kicked your lap-dog out of the public room, on purpose to pick a quarrel with you.

Tab. Ay, ay ! poor Chowder is sure to come in for a share of your incongruity.—But what do you mean to do about this foolish girl ?

Bra. Why, you know the carriage is ordered to take us a stage on towards town, and we'll go to Marlborough, —then we can see what's to be done.

Tab. And do you know who is to drive us

Bra. Our coachman and the innkeeper's postillion, I suppose.

Tab. Postillions ! I've desired them to send one of theirs up ; and if you consent to ride behind him, you may go without me, Mr. Bramble.

Bra. [*Aside.*] And what a blessing that would be.

Tab. Here comes the ragamuffin.

Enter HORSEFLESH, the Innkeeper, R., showing in HUMPHREY CLINKER, in a most deplorable state of dress, with strawbands round his legs.

Bra. [*To Horseflesh.*] Well, Mr. Horseflesh, is this the sort of driver I'm like to be honoured with ?

Hor. There's hardly a horse or a driver to be had, your honour,—every thing is engaged, and unless you stay till to-morrow——

Bra. I won't stay till to-morrow :—and you, sir, [*To Humphrey.*] ar'nt you ashamed of not having a rag to your back ?

Hum. More ashamed, your honour, of having nothing but rags to my back,—but necessity [*Sighs.*] has no law, as the saying is.

Tab. You're an impudent varlet, to offer to ride before persons of quality, without half a pair of pantaloons on.

Hum. I am, so please your worthy ladyship ; but I'm a poor Wiltshire lad—I have nothing in the world, but

what you see, that I can call my own,—I have no friends nor relations on earth to help me out—I have had cold chills and fever, six months—gave all my money to the doctor—and, saving your ladyship's good presence, hav'n't broke bread, these four-and-twenty hours.

Tab. (L.) Tatterdemallion, avaunt!

Bra. (c.) Sister, a word: if you don't mean to give me a fresh fit o'the gout, get out of the room, or back we go to Brambleton Hall, in a twinkling, without seeing a bit of London, or any place else.

Tab. [*Apart.*] Oh, that I had but a man to take my part—will nobody protect a poor defenceless spinster? Brother, promise me that bundle of rags shall not drive us, and I'll do whatever you please.

Bra. You shall see no more of his rags, I promise you. [*Exit Tabitha, L.*] Now, Mr. Horseflesh, what do you know of this young man

Hor. A love begotten babe, sir; brought up in the workhouse, and bound 'prentice to a blacksmith, who died, and Humphrey Clinker——

Hum. That's me.

Hor. Turned ostler and postboy, took the ague, sold his clothes, disgraced the stable by his appearance, and that's all I know against his character.

Hum. [*Sighs.*] And bad enough, too.

Bra. Ah! I see, he was deserted—poor and sick, and destitute, and so you turned him out, to die in the street.

Hor. I pay the poor rates, and have no right to maintain vagrants, sick or well; besides, your honour, your own lady objected to him, and his appearance disgraced my house.

Bra. Who shall censure the morals of the age, with such examples of humanity before them?—Harkye, you Clinker, you are a most notorious offender—you stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want—but as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I'll only give you a word of advice. Here—[*Puts money in his hand.*] make haste, and buy sufficient covering to prevent your giving offence to maidens in years. Go—if you say a word, I'll knock ye down.

[*Exit Humphrey Clinker, R.*]

Hor. I hope your honour don't think——

Bra. My honour! I don't think of staying in your house a minute longer than I can help, for fear I should

have the ague, part with my wardrobe, and disgrace your magnificent establishment. *[Exit, L.]*

Hor. How cutting ! I will say this for your quality, that, dam'me if they have any more feeling than a post—but I've got to dock the mare's tail, and cut off the blind pony's ears, so it won't do to stand here—no, they have no more feeling than a post, dam'me ! *[Exit, L.]*

Enter MR. MELFORT and LYDIA MELFORT, L.

Mel. Well, well, my dear sister, as you seem sensible of your error, you shall hear no more of it: had your lover been a gentleman, indeed

Lyd. He was born a gentleman, I'm sure, brother.

Tab. *[Calling without.]* Why, Winny ! Lydia !

Enter WINNY JENKINS, loaded with luggage, L. U. E.

Win. Oh, miss ! there's your aunt—she does so bawl, and bustle, and looks so cross, and scolds us all—and there's no one to help, do what we will. *[Calling.]* Why, post-boy ! ostler ! take these things !

Enter MATTHEW BRAMBLE, in his great-coat, L. U. E.

Bra. Ah, Lydia ! don't fret—nobody shall say a word about your scapegrace lover.

Lyd. Pray, forbear to mention him.

Enter TABITHA BRAMBLE, in her travelling dress, with a dog under her arm, L.

Tab. Come along, precious—ah ! what, Lydia, girl ! where's your fine player-man ?—Well, no one shall reproach you on that subject any more. Will no one take the luggage to the door ?

Enter HUMPHREY CLINKER, smartly dressed, R.

Tab. There, brother, I call that a decent youth—not like the ragmallion who, forsooth, they wished to send with us.

Bra. Sister, I see you're always in the right. Come, Lyddy—we young folks will lead the way.

[Exeunt Bramble, Lydia, and Humphrey Clinker, R.]

Mel. I must be your conductor, aunt, I see

[Exit Melfort and Tabitha, R.]

Enter WILSON, L.—*he steals on softly, and pulls Winny back, as she is following them.*

Wil. [Putting money in her hand.] You're going to—
[Kisses her]

Win. Marlborough.

Wil. [Kissing her again.] And thence?

Win. To town.

Wil. To Golden Square—you'll see me soon?

Win. I hope so.

Wil. A new gown, and—

Tab. [Calling without, R.] Why, Winny!

Win. Coming, ma'am.

Wil. One kiss more. [Kisses her.]

Tab. [Without.] You're sure you've all the parcels?

Win. Yes, ma'am; I've got all, I believe.

Wil. [Kissing her again.] One more.

Tab. [Without.] Don't leave one behind

Win. I won't, ma'am. Thank ye, sir, you're very kind. [Exit, R.]

Wil. Thus far, indeed, we sail before the wind. I have given Lydia the means to prove that her's is unaffected love—that she's sincere. Should jealous eyes detect me, 'twill be easy to declare my real name and rank—then why despair? The willow, I'm resolved, I'll never wear.

SONG.—(Introduced.)

SCENE III.—*A Parlour in an Inn at Marlborough—a table, c., with cloth laid for supper—plates, knives, and forks—three tarts—bottle of wine and four glasses—chairs.*

Enter LIEUTENANT LISMAHAGO, R., conducted in by the Landlord, Waiters, &c., with lights.

Lan. This way, your honour; welcome to the Castle at Marlborough. Good larder, well-aired beds, old port, and horses in the morning.

Lis. Haud yer jabber, mon! Lieutenant Lismahago has seen o'er muckle o' the ups and downs o' this life, to be vary partikelar about his ane personal accommodation. Look'ee well to the puir dumb beastie—I ha' ridden most o' the way, and e'en do wi' me as suits your convenience.

Lan. Show the gentleman into the North Star.

Lis. And if any dacent gentlemanly travellers arrive, say I shall be unco' proud o' the honour o' snpping wi' 'em. I ha' seen a wee bit o' the world, mon, and am nae sae dowie nor sae sulkie as to sit by mysel' when I can get society.

Lan. I'll inquire whether there's any in the house.

[*Exeunt Lieutenant Lismahago, attended by Waiter, L., and Landlord, R.*]

Re-enter LANDLORD, introducing 'SQUIRE BRAMBLE, TABITHA, LYDIA, MR. MELFORT, and WINNY, followed by HUMPHREY CLINKER, and JOHN THOMAS, with band-boxes, portmanteau, parcels, &c.—Exit Landlord, R.

Mel. Ah, uncle, you bear our little misfortunes famously.

Bra. Thank heaven, we're safely once more under cover.

Tab. [*Observing Humphrey.*] Why, brother, is this young man——

Bra. The same you at first could not bear the sight of, and then thought so clever. Now, had I been governed by your penetration, I might have lost my life, when the coach upset—he dragged me out of the water like a Newfoundland dog, while your dog fastened his teeth in my leg.

John T. And in my hand, too, your honour; and if, under favour, he isn't to be shot for it, your honour and I be of different opinions.

Tab. Shot, brother, shot!

Mel. Why, I think, if my uncle forgives him, John——

John T. Your honour may choose to do as your honour pleases; but if I am to be abused by the lady, and bit by the lap-dog, I humbly hope it will be considered in my wages, that's all. [*Exit John Thomas and Winny, R.*]

Tab. You see, brother——

Bra. I see, sister, the fellow is in the right, and I ought not to be ashamed to own it. [*They sit at the table.*] And now, my lad, [*To Humphrey.*] the least I can do is to take care of you, for having saved my life. What are your qualifications?

Hum. Not many, sir: I can read and write, shoe horses, make hogs' puddings and hob-nails; mend kettles, tin saucepans, and understand single stick and psalm-singing.

Mel. Is that all?

Hum. I can play the Jews' harp, sing Sally in our Alley, Arthur O'Bradley, and Tom Bowling ; dance a Welsh jig, and find a hare wi' any game-keeper in the county.

Bra. I've a great mind to keep thee : try if you can make your peace with my sister.

Hum. [*Approaching Tabitha.*] Good, sweet, beautiful lady ! I'm sure you're too good, too handsome, to bear malice.

Mel. Stick to that, Humphrey.

Hum. And I'm sure——

[*Hands her a glass, which the dog knocks out of his hand—she screams.*]

Bra. That eternal trouble ! that beast !

Tab. Ay, take it, take the poor persecuted animal—kill it at once, and then you'll be satisfied.

Hum. [*Snatching up the dog and holding him up by the neck, in one hand, and deliberately taking up a carving-knife in the other.*] Better not kill him here, ma'am, it will spoil the room.—I'll take him to the road side, and do the job in a twinkling.

[*Tabitha snatches the dog from him, and gives him a box on the ear which sends him to the other end of the room.*]

Mel. My dear aunt,——

Tab. What, am I to have no redress ? Brother, discharge this brute, immediately.

Hum. Well, I'm sure I offered to get rid of him.

Tab. I mean you, sirrah ! send him away.

Bra. Oh, the poor fellow is innocent of any intent to offend.

Hum. Innocent as the babe unborn.

Tab. You support him in his impudence : is this the return for all I've done for you ? Nursing you, managing your family, and saving you from your own extravagance.—But now, sir, you shall part with him or me upon the spot.

Bra. [*Rising.*] If stated fairly, then, the question is, whether I have the spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty and injustice, to gratify the rancour of a capricious woman.

Mel. [*Aside.*] Bravo, uncle !

Bra. I will now propose an alternative, in my turn,—either discard your four-footed favourite, or part with me.

Tab. Do I hear right ?

Bra. I hope so ; your speech is the only faculty I'd wish abridged.

Tab. [*Wimpering.*] Well, then, if you will insist upon so—so—so cruel a thing, I—I'm ready to do—do—do whatever you propose.

Bra. My dear sister !

Tab. [*Sobbing.*] Poor Chowder may go—Hum—Hum—Humphrey Clinker may stay, and—

Bra. Oh, my poor, dear, darling Tabitha ! your grief makes me so happy. [*Embracing her.*]

Hum. [*Singing and dancing.*] O, rare Arthur O'Bradley ! tol, lol,—beg pardon, [*Laughing.*] he, he, he ! If anybody touches Chowder, now, I knock him down, he, he, he ! beg pardon for giggling.

Lyd. Allow me, my dear aunt, to congratulate you on this reconciliation.

Mel. And me, too : why, even Clinker seems inspired by it.

Bra. Sit down and compose yourself, and Lydia shall give us one of her soothing ditties, to restore peace and harmony.

Hum. [*In a corner.*] Peace and harmony, and no Chowder—beg pardon.

AIR.—LYDIA.—(*Introduced.*)

Bra. Thank'ee, Lyddy, thank'ee.—Clinker, give me your arm ; and may a good night's rest prepare us for the journey of the morning.

Tab. Come, niece, I'll be your guardian to-night.

Enter WINNY, with a light.—*Exeunt Tabitha and Lydia, attended by Winny, R.*—*Humphrey Clinker leading off Bramble, L.*

Mel. [*As they go off.*] Good night, good night ! it's rather too early for me to retire, yet : let me see, is there no sociable traveller in the house, for a hit at backgammon, or pretty bar-maid, for a little badinage. [*Looking off, L.*] Eh ! as I live, yonder I see Wilson ; the impudent pretender to my sister's fortune, for that is his aim, I dare say : an actor, too.—I'll have an eye on him

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter WINNY, with a light, R.

Win. My ladies have dismissed me, and the house is ferry lonely.—It is great pitties, and a thousand shames,

that John Thomas should behave so ill to Madame Tabitha, as to lose his place, look'ee you,—and if the ragged young man who has got all his pest clothes again, was to be a little sociable and civilities—I don't know—pless us, he's here—I must write some more news of my travels, to Mary Jones.

[Sits down to write.]

Enter HUMPHREY CLINKER, with a candle, l.

Hum. Master's gone to bed, and a good master he is, too.—Humphrey, Humphrey! thou wert surely born with a silver spoon in thy mouth! thankful I be.—Heigho! yet, be not too exalted, Humphrey, nor let the pride of leather breeches, so lately redeemed, make thee forget the tattered raiments thou didst leave behind thee; neither let good living make thee incline too lovingly to the charms and enticements of Winnifred Jenkins, whose pretty round Welsh face, shaded by her jetty ringlets, whether peeping from her poke bonnet, or hid under her round hat, do set my heart a going, *[Laughing.]* he, he, he, he! *[Sees Winny.]* O, lud! beg pardon for giggling.

Win. *[Rising.]* Dear me, young man! you put her in such a flurry.

Hum. Mrs. Winnifred—O, dear me! I am sorry you are flurried, and I—I wish you good night.

Win. Her is going to bed, too.

Hum. Without supper?

Win. Her is tired and fatigued, *[Takes her candle.]* and her has been writing to Mary Jones, at Brambleton Hall.—Do you go to bed, without supper, too?

Hum. Yes: *[Looking sheepishly affectionately at her.]* I have had my supper, pretty maiden,—heigho!

DUET—HUMPHREY CLINKER and WINNY JENKINS.

Hum. Stay a moment, if you please, miss—

Win. Winny Jenkins is her name,
And at Aberganny, look you,
They call'd all her kin the same.

[Speaks.] For her father was a Jenkins, and her mother was a Jenkins, and her grandmother was a Jenkins, and herself is a Jenkins, too.

Hum. O thank'ee, sir, for Winny Jenkins,
O bless her, pretty Winny Jenkins,

Both. And send $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{her} \\ \text{you} \end{array} \right\}$ well to do.

Wil. No : but I mean this, and give it to —

Hum. Winny Jenkins.

Wil. No ; to Miss Lydia Melfort.

Hum. What, my young lady ! no, indeed, I were a poor unhappy vagram, crawling, as it were, on the sands of the sea, and the first wave that come might have wash'd me all away, but for the goodness of my worthy master ; and Humphrey Clinker, though born in a stable and bred a blacksmith, will never stoop to pick up a bribe, or open his mouth to eat the black bread of ingratitude.

Wil. Nor will Harry Wilson be the man to tempt you further, even though the object be my Lydia's love. The money you refused as a bribe accept as a reward for your honesty ; and may you live to enjoy many such with the maid of your choice. [*Exit, L.*]

Hum. Down pride, down vanity ! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha ! I can't help giggling, for all that. [*Reads.*] "*Dear Mary Jones—I couldn't rite by John Thomas, seeing he went away in a huff, because he and Chowder couldn't agree ; and we have, by good Providence, picked up another footman, culled [Spells.] Umphrey Klinker, a good sole as ever broke bread, which shows that a scalded cat may be a good mouser, and a hound be staunch, though he has narra a hair on his nose, seeing that the proudest may be brought to the grindstone by sickness and misfortune, being all at present from—* O, you dear little Winny Jenkins, to speak so kindly of such a poor, weak, earthen wepit as I am.

SONG.—HUMPHREY CLINKER.—Tune "Tight little Island."

Though it oft was told me,
 Dame Fortune can't see,
 Yet she isn't so bliud as you think her ;
 Or, else tell me why
 Has she cast a sheep's eye
 Upon poor little Humphrey Clinker ?
 O, poor Humphrey Clinker !
 Once stable-boy, blacksmith, and tinker ;
 Horse, anvil, and pan,
 I now leave, like a man,—
 What luck for poor Humphrey Clinker !

While my master, old Matt,
 Has a head to his bat,
 From his service he'll find me no shrinker ;
 And tentimes be repaid
 His good-natured aid,
 In the cause of poor Humphrey Clinker.

As for Tab, I shan't say what I think her,
 She's no friend to poor Humphrey Clinker;
 And then, her dog, Chowder,
 I dare not speak louder,
 Or hard thumos will get Humphrey Clinker.

For young Master and Miss,
 I shall only say this,—
 I like him, and good-natured I think her,
 In spite of the plau
 Of her sweetheart, poor man!
 To bribe honest Humphrey Clinker.
 Oh, poor Humphrey Clinker!
 To gratitude ne'er be a blinker;
 Humphrey still must
 Prove true to his trust,
 Or justice may tip him a clinker.

If you ask me to toast
 The girl I love most,
 In a pot of Welsh ale, I would drink her;
 But, Win, if you please,
 Might prefer toast and cheese
 To love-stricken Humphrey Clinker
 If e'er she should be Mrs. Clinker,
 And to me, as a wife, choose to link her,
 I'll do what is right,—
 So, I wish you good night,—
 Remember poor Humphrey Clinker.

[Exit, R.]

MUSIC.—*Stage dark—smoke and fire seen at the doors and windows—bells ringing, and calling heard—Clinker runs on in a fright, R.*

Hum. Why, O, lord! O, dear! water, water! the house is all—oh! where is my poor, dear master?

[Exit, L.]

Enter WILSON and Waiter, L. S. E.

Wil. Show me instantly the lady's room. [Exit, R.]

Enter LIEUTENANT LISMAHAGO, half dressed, L.

Lis. A maiden leddy, did you say? Hoot, mon! show me the way, and let me save one life, for the honour of Scotland.

[Exit, R.]

Enter MELFORT.

Mel. [Calling.] Why, Clinker! waiter, waiter! sister! aunt!

Enter HUMPHREY CLINKER, R., with BRAMBLE on his back—LISHMAHAGO, with TABITHA in his arms—and WILSON, with LYDIA, whom he places, fainting, in a chair, as Lish-

mahago does Tabitha, and fans her with his nightcap—Clinker falls down with Bramble—they all roll over one another—Melfort assists to help him up.

Bra. Thou hast saved me again, Humphrey, and I will never forget it. [*A scream is heard, within.*]

Hum. Oh, my poor, dear Winny. [*Runs out, R.*]

Mel. Mr. Wilson! Sir, this is insufferable; I have watched you, and—

Wil. And saw me do my duty,—your sister recovers, sir—the honour of her safety, I leave to you,—you are quite welcome to the exertions of a poor actor. [*Exit, R.*]

Bra. Come back, you sir,—he won't—he's a damn'd fine fellow, and I like him for his spirit.

Enter HUMPHREY CLINKER, R., with WINNY in his arms.

Hum. There you are, all of a lump, as the devil found sixpence.

Tab. [*Recovering.*] What do I see? A man! in his night-gown, too.—Have I then been in the arms of a man?

Lis. 'Faith! have ye, ledly; or ye'd ha' been in a much warmer place, by this time.

Bra. And to whom am I indebted for my sister's safety?

Lis. A poor Lieutenant—Lieutenant Lismahago, at your service.

Bra. Thanks, thanks! I hope, even poor Chowder is safe, and when we depart in the morning, gratitude for life preserved shall be the companion of our journey.

FINALE.

Bra. Of gratitude, the generous strain,
Shall banish every sorrow!

Hum. And we shall act the scene again,
In memory, to-morrow;

Wil. Which, as our journey we pursue,
The dangers that are over,

Lyd. Shall prove an omen, kind and true,
Of joy to every lover. [*De Capo, of gratitude.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street in London.**Enter WILSON, R.*

Wil. So, they have got safe to town, and I have followed hard after them, to keep down my rage, at being so severely chid by the haughty Melfort. Yet 'twas well I did—what stratagem can I devise to see her?

Jew. [*Without.*] Old clothes!

Wil. That honest Jew may assist me—old Mordecai will serve me if he can.

Enter MORDECAI, singing.

Mor. I am but a poor pedlar, and my shop is in my box.
So sure as I'm a Smouchee, and my name is Mordecai.

Wil. Ah, my old friend!

Mor. Ma goot friend, how t'ye too?

Wil. I have got a little business with you—I want to learn some of the secrets of your trade.

Mor. I fear you won't be able.

Wil. [*Taking out his purse.*] Oh, yes, I shall. Let us see whether this purse is your property or mine.

Mor. A purse!

Wil. Ay, and full of sovereigns, which you may buy for a very little labour.

Mor. Vell, I vill endeavour—show me de vay.

Wil. [*Holding up the purse.*] I first must trouble you with this, and then——

Mor. [*Taking the purse.*] Troublest! tear me! to serve you, I'd take as mouch again. [*Exeunt, R.*]

Enter MELFORT and HUMPHREY CLINKER, from a house, L.

Mel. Clinker!

Hum. Your honour.

Mel. How d'ye like this place?

Hum. Wonderfully. All the gay girls I meet give me such tempting looks—there's not a street but I see some rosy-looking maid. If I stay much longer here, I fear the enemy within will rebel.

Mel. Take care of the enemy without; watch well our door, and, before you go out again, get your hair cut as worn by other people, and you'll avoid a thousand jokes and tricks they play upon you now—but did you see my sister when we came away?

Hum. Sir, she was with my master.

Mel. I must take good care to counteract this Wilson. And pray where was Mrs. Tabitha?

Hum. With the tall man, Lieutenant Lis——

Mel. Lismahago!

Hum. If I can remember, I'll be shot—yes, that's the name.

Mel. Should you see the young gentleman who was at Marlborough, try to get admission--run for me.

Hum. Where?

Mel. I shall be at yonder coffee-house. [*Pointing, R.*

Hum. Green blind and scarlet curtain. I'll be sure to mind—he sha'n't come here a poaching, I'll be bound.

Mel. There, boldly stand your ground, and I'll take care of you. [*Exit, R.*

Hum. Now, let's see, whether or not these chaps of London be more than a match for my simplicity.

Enter WILSON, L., disguised as a Jew, with a box, singing.

I am but a poor pedlar, &c.

Hum. [*Who has accompanied him on the Jews' harp.*] Well, now that's very—[*Laughing.*] he, he, he! pray, sir, do excuse my giggling, but of all the clever Jews I've seen, I like you the best—so droll—he, he! [*Imitating him.*] with your pick-nicks, &c.

Wil. Any ting vantage in my vay, sir? a brooch for your sweetheart, a pair of spectacles, or a tootpick, a nice vatch, a silver timple, or a pair of shoe-strings?

Hum. Eh, let's see—I should like to make Winny a present; and my worthy master knocked out the left eye of his barnacles on the road. Here, go in here—I must stand near the door while you ask for Winny Jenkins—bid her choose something for herself, and then take up your goods to old master.

Wil. [*Aside.*] Winny Jenkins! the very thing!

Hum. [*Starting.*] What did you say?

Wil. I said I'd got de very ting,—a true love ring, with H. U. M., for Humphrey.

Hum. [*Aside.*] That spells Hum.

Enter Servant, L.

Hum. Show this Jew gentleman to Mrs. Jenkins.

Wil. [*Aside.*] I've gained this point, however.

[*Exit with Servant, L.*

Hum. I don't much like being set upon the watch; for sometimes, folks do say, harm watch, harm catch—but then they say this Wilson's such a brute,—that he set fire to the inn, on purpose to suit his own convenience, like—that he might steal Miss Lyddy. Ay, that was wrong—yet, I do feel some pity for him.—Lovers still should be—heigho!—if Winny does but think of me. I'll play some pretty air. *[Plays the Jew's harp.]*

Enter POST-BOY and GAOLER, R.

Post. That's he! I'll take my oath on't—that's he as robbed the gentleman, in our post-chay.

Gao. While you was driving?

Post. Yes.

Gao. Go round that way. *[They surround Humphrey.]*

Hum. Why, what's the matter?

Gao. You know, I'll be bound; sorry to interrupt, but you must go to the rum beak!—to the stone pitcher, next, and,—but we'll drop the subject.—You'll be next,—to think what trouble this disguise has given us. This young man's eyes are pretty sharp, though, and he says he knows you very well, for all you've changed your clothes so lately.

Hum. I am fallen in a pit.—Well, I know I changed my clothes, and went to get my hair cut.

Gao. Don't look so countryfied—you'll find these evasions, like, won't do before the judge; he'll make you speak good English,—so, come away.

Hum. Come where?

Gao. No jokes.

[They drag him off, R.]

Hum. Murder, murder!

[As they drag him away, Martin peeps on, L.]

Mar. Rather too good a joke—they've taken that simple youth for me; and sworn to the robbery which I—*[Advancing.]*—I'll try whether, by some odd trick or other, I mayn't foil these blood-men, and release the lad. I've played many pranks in my time—but, if I here do a good action, justice and I may yet be friends. *[Exit, R.]*

SCENE II.—*Mr. Bramble's Lodgings.—Table and chairs.*

TABITHA and LISHMAHAGO discovered, seated.

Tab. *[Rises and comes forward.]* Lieutenant Lishmahago, I never yet was to a living mortal so much in debt as I've been to you.—Saved by your hand from fire——

Lis. I'd ha'e ye, madam, understand the pleasure it would gi' me, to see you in much greater danger.

Tab. Sir! what! me?

Lis. Ay! were it at the bottom o' the sea, that I might be the very lucky mon, to snatch bright honour from the pale-faced moon, and fish you up again!

Tab. [*Aside.*] The charming man! [*Aloud.*] Do, pray, indulge me, captain, if you can, with some of your adventures?

Lis. Madam, I cannot, to sic a lady, deny anything. Just sit ye down, and ye shall hear.—I think I quitted Scotland in—no matter what year—went to America—was taken prisoner.—I am ashamed to say, to save my life, I married wi' a squad—the Princess Squinnacosta,—'twas their law, that I should wed or burn; so I got away—but shall return again, unless Tabitha, and that's yoursels, will listen to my partiality, and pity.

[*Kneels.*]

Tab. Hold! husband of a princess!—you but see the sister of a Welsh 'squire: to be sure, he was called after his great uncle, Matthew Ap Mudie Ap Merrideth, Esquire, of Montgomeryshire, Justice of the Quorum and Crusty Rotolorum,—descended in a straight line from Luvellem, Prince of Wales.

Lis. And if I mayn't woo the offspring of so great a house, I will return to Squinnacosta, and my little son, who, as the immortal author of Inkle and Yarico has said, is dark, but lovely as a Wedgewood tea-pot; in the meantime, accept this Indian cloak, woven by the hands of Atta Kalla Kalla, the little carpenter; and when I am far away——

Tab. Despair not, captain.

Lis. Shall I not despair?

Tab. Certainly not.

Lis. Then, dam'me if I do.

DUET.—TABITHA and LISMAHAGO.

Tab. Don't despair, my gallant, gentle Lismahago,
Though a thousand lovers sigh for me.

Lis. No! then Squinnacosta may to the devil go:
All my wampum belts I'll keep for thee.

Way, jay, &c.

No longer courting, with thee sporting,
Smoke the calmut, and go to bed.

Tab. Coying, toying, and to love resigning all my fortune,—
Fiddles, look you, playing when we wed.

Both.

Coying, toying, &c.

- Lis.* War-mats, feathers, furs, and shells of various fashions,
On my wedding-day, to thee I'll bring.
- Tab.* Brother, niece, and nephew, will be in a passion ;
But I'll never care for no such thing,—
Spite of fate, and heaven willing, Mrs. Gudywillin
Shall, at Brambleton, make up our bed.
- Lis.* While among the gentle kids and nanny goats
Horns abounding, I shall rear my head.
- Tab.* Ne'er, though worn by all the kids and nanny goats,
Here shall horns grace Lismahago's head.
- Both.* Horns, though worn by all the kids and nanny goats,
Ne'er shall grow on Lismahago's head [Exeunt, R.]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment.*

MR. BRAMBLE discovered in his easy chair—LYDIA seated near him—WILSON, as the Jew, on one side, WINNY attending on the other.

Bra. [Trying on a pair of spectacles.] I can't see through all this.

Wil. [Aside.] I hope not.

Bra. Lyddy and Winny, what did Moses say ?

Wil. [Showing a letter to Lydia, behind Bramble.] My name's not Moses.

Lydia. That I comprehend.

Bra. What is it, then ?

Win. [Snatches the letter and gives it to Lydia.] Look you, miss don't intend to talk with Mordecais.

Wil. [Aside to Lydia.] Cease your alarm, 'tis your own Wilson—I intend no harm, but if—

Bra. [Lets the spectacles fall.] The devil! there will be a change of weather, the glasses have fallen.

Lydia. Wilson! [Faints in her chair.]

Win. O, come here,—my lady's in a fit.

Wil. Help, help!

Bra. Why, you are much improved ; you don't talk much like a Jew, now.

Wil. Lydia! my dearest Lydia! when in danger I disdain finesse.—Sir, though to you a stranger, I hope and trust, that on some future day I shall so far explain—

Bra. Young man, away.—Show him the other staircase—my nephew, haply else, may break his bones.

Wil. She has recovered, sir.—Your nephew may The debt he owes my honour live to pay.

Lydia, my best, my dearest girl, adieu!

Remember him who only lives for you.

[Exit, R.]

Bra. Now, dam'me! but that's civil. The people, I declare, are all mad

Enter MELFORT, R.

Bra. Well! did you see a Jew?

Mel. Yes, unheeded he passed me,—but whether or no to laugh, I scarce can tell. [*Seeing Lydia.*] Lydia! what, in tears? How is this?

Bra. No more than what has happened years and years before; and as long as girls are girls, and men are men, is very likely to take place again.—Her lover has been here.

Mel. That Jew I saw?

Lydia. Dear uncle, brother! I pray you blame me not—I'm very sorry.

Mel. That he's gone.

Lydia. Why, yes, your sternness makes me honestly confess,—uncle, your pardon—brother, you distress my feelings past expression. [*Exit, L.*]

Win. To see such fine magnemity, I could cry my eyes out. [*Exit, L.*]

Bra. Now, sir, pray, what about Humphrey would you say?

Mel. He is lock'd up in prison.

Bra. And for why?

Mel. Oh, nothing but a highway robbery, of which I'm sure he is innocent; and I have strong suspicion that villain, Wilson, planned it to remove his honesty from the post assigned.

Bra. Order the carriage! I'm resolved to know the truth, and see him righted.

Mel. It will be a laugh at last. My aunt has gone to see poor Humphrey in the gaol, where he has taught and preached, and moralized, more than I thought his powers could have accomplished—you shall be witness of his versatility, at shoeing, driving, and morality.

Bra. Away with you. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Prison—chair, table, pens, ink, paper, and books—Prisoners discovered, dancing—hornpipe in fetters*

Enter HUMPHREY CLINKER, R., at the end of the hornpipe.

Hum. Fie, fie, fie! are ye not prisoners? and would you thus rejoice? are ye not fettered, and——

Gao. What's that to you? mind your own business—what brought you among us?

Hum. The snares of the enemy ; but it hath helped the good cause, for I have——

Gao. Yes, you have ; you have talked till the tap will be ruined : we hav'n't sold a dozen of wine, nor had a gentleman drunk, since you come among us ; and if we don't get a habus to remove you, there won't be a grain of spirit within the walls. We sha'n't have a soul do credit to the place, nor a brave fellow to die like an Englishman.

Hum. Friend, I have been tried by my fellow-prisoners, and acquitted ; and it is my duty to offer a word of consolation to them in return I have friends, too—I have interest, and if any one has a particularly hard case——

Gao. Here's one, I think, and if you have a mind to read it——

Hum. Well, I will.

CHANT—HUMPHREY and CHORUS.

TUNE—“*As I was Walking down the Strand.*”

Cho. As I was walking down the Strand,
Luddy, fuddy, &c.
As I was walking down the Strand,
The traps they nabb'd me out of hand
Luddy, fuddy, &c.

Says I, kind Justice, pardon me,
Luddy, fuddy, &c.
Says I, kind justice, pardon me,
Or Botany Bay I soon shall see,
Luddy, fuddy, &c.

The sessions and 'sises are drawing nigh,
Luddy, fuddy, &c.
The sessions and 'sises are drawing nigh,
And I'd rather that you'd be hang'd than I.
Luddy, fuddy, &c.

Enter WINNY, L.—she runs into Clinker's arms.

Win. O, my dear Humphrey, how sorry I am to see you here !

Hum. Now that's very unkind, Winny, for I'm very glad to see you.

Win. Don't be cast down—here is our master, look you, and a great gentleman justice, and Miss Tabitha, and the captain, all come to help your deliberation.

Hum. How kind !

Enter SIR MATTHEW BRAMBLE, MR. DENNISON, LISMAHAGO, and TABITHA, L.

Hum. Ah, my good master.

Bra. No time for words—you have twice saved my life, and 'twould be very hard if I didn't once attempt to save your's. I have prevailed on my old friend, the magistrate, to investigate the matter here, and if you're innocent ——

[*Mr. Dennison takes his seat.*]

Hum. Innocent! [*Laughing.*] he, he, he! beg pardon, but couldn't giggle, if I wasn't innocent.

Den. Now, where is this youth's accuser?

Gao. Here, your worship. [*Bringing forward Post-Boy.*]

Den. You swear?

Post. Yes, your worship.

Den. That this young man stopped your chaise on—

Post. Yes, your worship; I know him by his wig; and he put up his finger to his nose, and, says he——

Martin. [*Looking through the crowd with a red wig, and his finger at his nose.*] No, he didn't—he never spoke.

Den. What's that? you seem confused—I hope you are correct, young man.

Martin. [*Coming forward.*] In short, 'twas the wig, and not the man, that did the robbery—if you will believe that young man's evidence—and, your worship, I have very particular reasons for saying the prisoner is not the man.

Post. I believe you have, because I'll take my oath you did it yourself.

Bra. He'll swear to us all round, presently.

Den. [*To Martin.*] I suspect, sir, that you know more of this than you should—if your confession can clear this young man——

Bra. I'll take care of you as long as you live.

Post. I see there's no justice to be had here. [*Going.*]

Gao. Stop, there's something to keep you a little longer.

Den. And we shall see how you like to furnish that reward to others, you were so ready, right or wrong, to get yourself. Mr. Bramble, I saw the gentleman below that was robbed—he has seen your servant, and acquits him of any share in the transaction; so, Humphrey Clinker——

Hum. Dear me! beg pardon for sighing, but on so serious an occasion my innocence must be declared in my proper name—my master, the blacksmith, was Hum-

phrey Clinker, and I was called after him; but my lawful name, being an unlawful child, was Matthew Lloyd, son, heaven forgive him, of Matthew Lloyd, of Glamorganshire, as witness this paper, kept in the snuff-box of my poor deceased parent, Dorothy, once barnmaid of the Angel, at Chippenham, where——

Bra. [*Fanning himself.*] I don't like the air of this place—hot as a furnace, and——

Den. And not at all suiting the constitution of Matthew Lloyd, a gentleman I remember well. Eh, Mr. Bramble, I think, for your sake, we had better adjourn, and talk of this elsewhere.

Bra. No, it's no more than I deserve: this is a place where the guilty should be punished—the sins of my youth have risen justly up in judgment against me; and he who has courage enough to wrong a poor girl in private, ought never to be such a coward as to decline making public amends for it.

Tab. Brother, brother, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought.

Lis. It was a vara natural error, for aw that.

Bra. Sister, sister, you never were more right in your life. So, Matthew Lloyd, stand forth—your father bids you. The voucher you have shown me in my own handwriting—I gave thee life once, and then deserted thee. Thou hast twice preserved mine, and if ever you leave me, you young dog, I'll be the death of you.

[*Embraces him.*]

Hum. O, rare Arthur O'Bradley! father! master! sir! lady! aunt! young missus! cousins!—Don't cry, Winny, for, in spite of this change of fortune, I'll stick to you like wax.

Lis. But, wi' submission, how came Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan, and Matthew Bramble, of Brambleton Hall, to be ane and the same person?

Bra. Ask my worthy friend, Dennison—he knows that I took my mother's name of Lloyd, as heir to her lands in Glamorgan, which, after having sold, I resumed my paternal appellation. But where is my nephew?—he should have been a witness to this scene.

Den. My son, too, was to have met me here—the wild young dog refused to marry the girl I chose for him, because she was old enough to be his mother—so he ran after a company of actors, and, like my friend there, changed his name to Wilson.

Lyd. Wilson! oh, heavens! should it be—ah!

Tab. Don't be historical, child, in such a place as this.

Lis. Ye'd better take a chair, miss.

[Retires with *Tabitha* and *Lydia*.]

Win. [*Sidling up to Humphrey.*] Humphrey Matthew Clinker Lloyd—I suppose you won't think of a poor fellow-servant now—you'll be too proud, mayhap.

Hum. Proud of what?—Born by mistake, nursed by the parish, bred in a smith's shop—whenever I seem proud, only cry Chippenham to me, and that will bring me to my senses. [*Bramble comes forward with the rest*]

Mel. [*Without.*] Well, sir, just as you please.

Den. What's the matter, Gaoler?

Gao. Two gentlemen, who wanted to fight a duel, refuse to be bound over—that's all, sir.

Enter MELFORT and WILSON, in custody, L.

Den. What, Henry!

Bra. Why, nephew, how's this?

Mel. Only, sir, this gentleman won't enter into any explanation, nor promise to desist from his views on my sister.

Wil. Accused of meannesses I scorn, suspected of setting fire to your inn, and, with equal injustice, of being the cause of your man's imprisonment—how could I answer?

Mel. It was equally unjust, too, to say you personated a Jew pedlar, and——

Wil. To cut all short, sir, that gentleman is my father, and I am no longer an actor.

Den. I never knew you were allowed to be one, Harry, even when you were on the stage. [*To Melfort.*] Young gentleman, I have perhaps been unreasonably too harsh with this youth—your uncle knows my fortune, and I am willing to give my boy half of it with your sister.

Mel. Sir, perhaps I have been unreasonably harsh, too. Mr. Wilson, is that old gentleman really your father?

Bra. Yes; and what's more astonishing, this young gentleman is my son, [*Pointing to Humphrey.*] and that middle-aged gentleman will be your uncle, [*Pointing to Lismahago*] and Winny, there, will be your half sister, and your own sister will be that youth's wife; so, if you don't get married yourself, you'll be the only miserable dog among us.

Mel. Wilson, you must find a sister for me, to prove that you forgive the warmth which arose only from most sincere affection for my sister.

Bra. Well said ! Here, Gaoler, [*Giving a purse.*] distribute this among your prisoners. [*A general huzza.*]

Mar. [*Coming forward.*] And may I hope, gentlemen, that the little use I have been of, may help to win your generous assistance, to enable us to return to better pursuits ?

Bra. To be sure, you may ; for there is more true service done the state, by recalling one wanderer to the paths of virtue, than by the ignominious punishment of thousands ; so let forgiveness be the word all round.

FINALE.—Tune, “*Push about the Jorum.*”

Bra. Now, friends, whenever you're inclined
To take a pleasant ramble,
Pray, come this way ; at home you'll find
Your servant, Matthew Bramble.

Hum. At fault, when meaning no offence,
Good nature is a winker ;
And critics if you've any sense,
You'll laugh with Humphrey Clinker.
[*De Capo chorus, at Faults, &c*]

Wil. These trifles for the common cause
We weekly manufacture,
And Wilson hopes your kind applause
Although he's but an actor.

Lydia. Don't try us by your classic pride,
Young folks do what I bid ye,
And learn in this, our lib'ral school,
To sympathize with Lydia. [*Chorus, at Faults, &c.*]

Tab. My dog and I could you forget,
'Twould certainly be shabby ;
Then pardon Chowder, 'tis a debt
You owe to sister Tabby.

Lis. Then, pray, kind folks, applaud the jokes
Of valiant Lismahago ;
For, if you fail, I'm sure you'll sail
At least with half your cargo. [*Chorus, at Faults, &c.*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

WIL.	LYDIA.	BRA.	HUM.	TAB.	LIS.	DEN.
R.]						[L.

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